PARADE

No. 1537
Week-ending
Saturday
May 24th
1969

PARADE

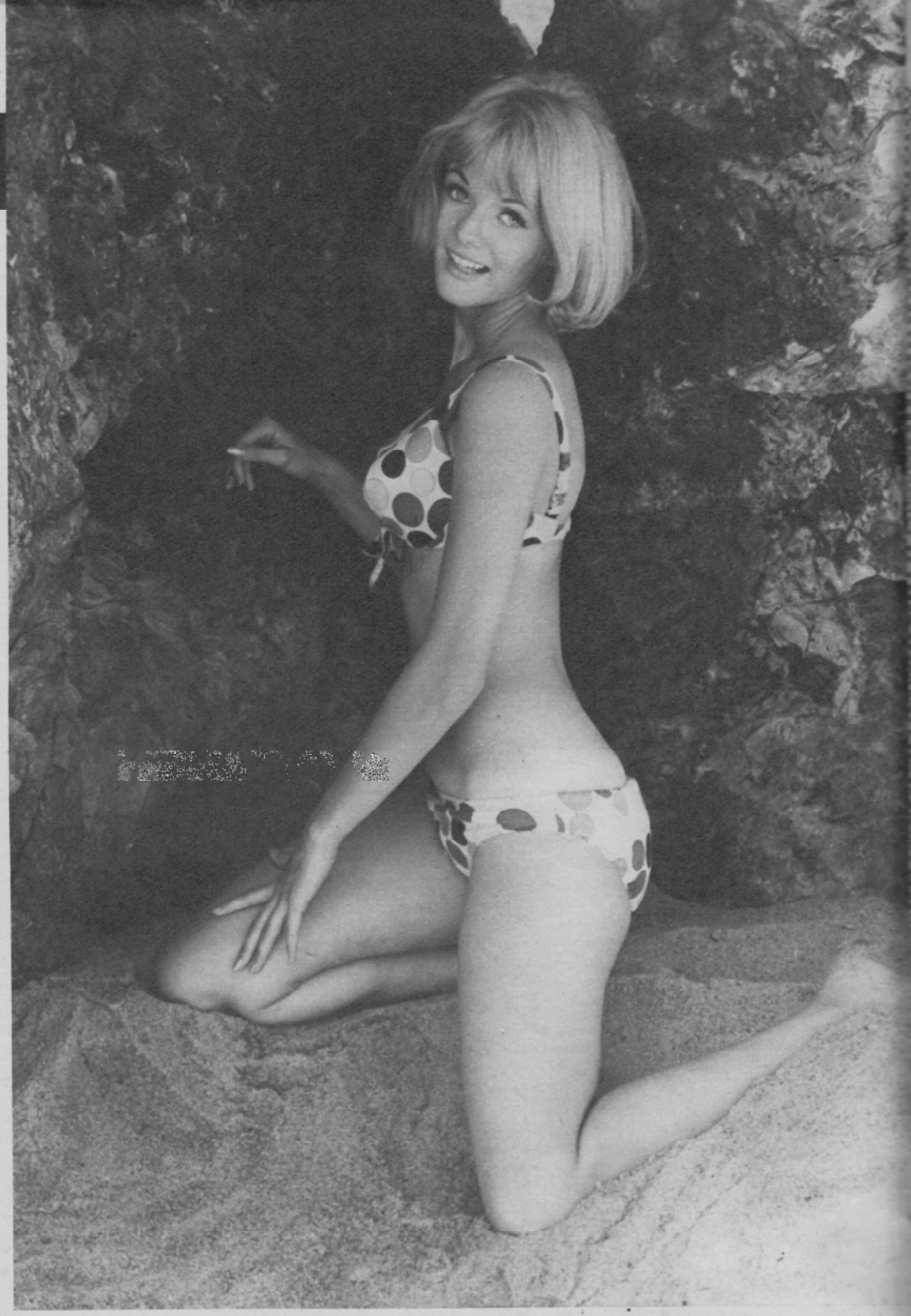
GERI ENGLETON

SPEED TRAPS —ARE THEY FAIR?

see page eight

1/- EVERY WEDNESDAY

MARY LIN DEDEAUX



USUALLY we let the curves of our page two girls speak for themselves.

What use are words, we say, when the reader is faced with the modern miracle of photography.

Rack our brains as we might, the humble word is but a beggar at the door of illustration.

So—imagine our consternation when the editor, a compassionate man at most times, told us to knock up a few hundred words about Mary Lin Dedeaux. He gave a briefing.

"Ex-airline stewardess, American mother, French father, educated in Paris, now lives in Las Vegas.

"Write something fascinating."

"Aaagh," we groaned. And moaned.

We trod the steps from his lofty upstairs office, downcast, dispirited.

The lot of the caption writer is an unhappy one.

Then—miracle of miracles—came the phone call.

Mary Lin, herself.

A cool American voice with just a hint of Paris.

"I'm just having my afternoon martini," she said, "and I thought I'd call up the boys at Parade . . . just to see how things are going."

"I don't know about them," I gasped, "but I'm going your way—fast."

Naturally, like most Parade men, the will is bereft of means, and I did not go.

It was my one chance (short of buying frankfurters in Portobello Road) of real adventure.

But, as I said before, the lot of a caption writer is, almost of necessity, an unhappy one.

It's just as well we have girls like Mary Lin to cheer us up—even if it is only on the telephone.

WHAT ON EARTH!

MONKEY BUSINESS

The villagers of Dhanusa in South-eastern Nepal are worried sick about a sick monkey.

About a year ago the monkey voluntarily began looking after about 50 cows.

His reliability and sharp eye for a stray prompted villagers to place more cows under his supervision.

Before long, the monkey had 315 cows.

What's more, he rounded up the entire herd at the end of the day and shooed the cows into their respective stalls.

But then Simion fell ill.

The villagers have asked their district officer to appoint a veterinarian to treat the ailing monkey.

FIRM WENT BUST

The assets of a San Francisco bust development firm have expanded with a ruling by a Federal judge.

Judge Alfonso Zirpoli has ordered the U.S. Post Office to return £375,000 to the Mark Eden Company, of nearby Hayward, manufacturers of a clam-shaped spring device said to expand a lady's bosom with regular use.

The Post Office seized mail order receipts for the £4 device, claiming it was "wholly ineffective".

Zirpoli said the Post Office was "arbitrary and unjust".

WING AND A CHEW

Pioneer pilots bragged about coming home on a wing and a prayer. A pilot in Tanzania has boasted flying home on a wad of chewing gum.

A hyena decided to scrounge a feed at Tabora airfield in central Tanzania.

He sated his appetite by gorging himself on the wing tips of a six-seater Apache aircraft, holing the fuel tanks.

Since no repair facilities were available, pilot Chris Atkey bought up as much chewing gum as possible and after masticating furiously managed to plug the fuel tank holes with juicy fruit.

COCKTAIL

PAGE 3

STRIP-SHOW PRODUCER: "I've got a sensational new stripper from America to open the show."
ASSISTANT: "And who is going to close it?"
PRODUCER: "The police, I shouldn't wonder."

Heard about the dumb blonde who went to the seaside on holiday?
She was so dumb that when she booked a room in a guest-house the landlady left the "Vacant" sign up.

Powder-room chat . . .
"So you married your boss, eh? How long did you work for him?"
"Till I got him."

The boss who has an affair with his secretary dare not marry her.
She'll always know how he carries on at the office.

Then there's the fellow who always joins in a demonstration march.
He likes to meet birds in every walk of life.

The sailor wasn't getting very far with the girls. Within a few seconds of meeting them, he'd grab them and say, "Let's neck!" All he did was to scare them off.
His pal was more successful. "You're too anxious," he said. "Be more subtle. Tell them about the places you've been to and lead up to things gradually."
On his next date, the sailor remembered his pal's advice. He started the conversation by saying, "You ever been to Australia?"
She said "No." So he said, "Well, let's neck."

1ST BACHELOR: "I hear Fred's married. How did he come to propose?"
2ND DITTO: "He was sitting in a car in front of her house. He suddenly asked her and she said Yes."
1ST DITTO: "It just shows you—even when your car's parked you can have a nasty accident."

Heard about the plain spinster who sat in the front row at a wrestling match?
A big beefy wrestler was flung out of the ring and landed on her lap. She flung her arms round him and screamed, "Finders keepers!"

Then there was the sexy ram who simply couldn't pass an attractive member of the opposite sex.
He was always making ewe-turns.

HEARD BACKSTAGE . . .
Leading Actress: "Yes, it's quite true I was going to marry the leading man of this show, but just before the ceremony I found him rehearsing the honeymoon with my understudy."

If medical science goes on discovering ways to prolong life, there's still a chance some people will live long enough to pay off their mortgages.

HOLIDAY CAMP WOLF: "Listen, baby, I have the know-how, the know-when, and the know-where!"
GAL: "The last-named is precisely where you're going to get!"

Beach dialogue . . .
"By gum, that girl's put on some weight!"
"Yeah, but she's as fit as a 'cello."

Soon after giving birth to triplets, the young mother met an old girl-friend in the supermarket.
"Oh, yes, we were terribly happy about the triplets," she said. "And we thought it was pretty wonderful too—it only happens once in 15,000 times."
"Good grief," her friend said, "how did you find the time for the shopping and housework?"

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SUE and KUE

By ARTHUR FERRIER

GOOD HEAVENS

Egypt's most notable star-gazer says the third world war already has begun.

Abkari el Falaki, who has won acclaim here for his accurate forecasts of Middle East events, says the third world war started early last month when Egyptian and Israeli troops started swapping shells across the Suez Canal.

El Falaki says before it is all over the whole world will be involved and there will be nowhere left to run.

Vengeance

'I'd hate to have my Lebel with a grudge us', were Harry's last

By JEFFRY SCOTT

THEY brought Mitch in at sundown. Six tall Marada tribesmen, carrying his body shoulder high and marching in step. Every time their right feet hit the ground, each man gave a deep-chested groan, short and sharp, like a lion coughing.

It was a funeral chant reserved by tradition for Marada royalty. Mitch would have been proud of such a tribute.

My anger wasn't soothed. It would corrode me until I found the killer who had planted a bullet in Mitch's back.

They laid him on the cleared patch behind his bungalow. A black slot, six feet wide by six deep, gaped ready in the soil. In that climate—if you have any love or respect for a man—you get him under fast. Piling rocks on the grave to foil hungry things which scrape and and scrabble in the night.

The chief bearer came forward. "He was a good man, a father to us. He——"

"He's dead," I broke in. "Who did it?"

Nobody answered.

Light was bleeding out of the sky in a fury of crimson and yellow. Fetching a pressure lamp from the bungalow. I pumped it to full brilliance and set it beside the body.

My stomach clenched; but it had to be done. A hunting knife was my scalpel.

Fifteen endless, horrible minutes later, the bullet lay on my palm. Badly distorted, from smashing Mitch's spine. But still recognisable as a .404.

An inch-long messenger of death, in a steel jacket. Lebel worked with a .404 Nitro Express rifle.

"*Trust Lebel? Well, put it this way, Harry—I'd hate to have my back to him, with a grudge between us.*" For an instant, poor old Mitch might have been beside me. His words, among the last I'd heard him utter, were printed in my brain.

Dropping the bullet into my breast pocket, I dredged up some tattered remnants of prayers, and said them over Mitch. We shovelled the red African earth atop a makeshift coffin.

Silently, I promised Mitch early company in that club we all join some day: death.

★ ★ ★

A labouring engine brought me to the doorway. The aged Mercedes saloon, caked with dust, grumbled to a grateful halt.

Julian Nyone, under-secretary of the Ministry of Justice, slid out from behind the wheel and walked past me into the bungalow. "A bad business, Harry," he remarked. Some real regret penetrated the careful Oxford accent.

"Yeah. What are you doing about it, Mr. Nyone?"

His eyebrows went up, at my formality. "Look, Harry, don't take it out on me. I'm sending a full squad of police in here, at first light tomorrow. But whether they can pick up any tracks . . ." His shrug ended the sentence.

"A full squad," I echoed bitterly. "Ten men, who wouldn't know a footprint if it bit them in the backside. Good work."

Julian sat down. I saw lines of fatigue slashed into his face. "I'm risking my job, just sending that many men. The official line is that Mr. Mitchell had no right to harass the ivory hunters."

Rage rose in my throat, fiery as bile. "*Hunters?* Poachers!"

Julian lifted a weary hand. "Unless an elephant is in the game reserve, our people have the right to hunt it. It's that, or die of starvation."

I laughed, out of sheer frustration. "These aren't starving tribesmen, man. They leave the meat to rot, and take the tusks. You know that." Then I caught on.

"Ivory's big money, still. And Lebel's greased the right palm, back in the Ministry, eh?"

He didn't reply for a while. Eventually he got up and went out. "I came here, to say goodbye to Mr. Mitchell."

I led him to the grave. On the way back to the Merc, he paused.

"I have risked my job in another way, today. By phoning a new friend Mr. Mitchell made, while you were upcountry. A helicopter pilot, working for that touring British film team." Something which—at any other time—I would have taken for amusement showed at the corners of his mouth and eyes.

"This pilot also wishes to avenge Mr. Mitchell. They're bringing the helicopter here tomorrow, to conduct an air search." His hand grasped mine. "Au revoir, Harry—and be careful."

The Merc bucked away down the track. I was in bed and sleeping within minutes.

Dawn, and a sound woke me. Out in the main room, a little man in jeans and leather jerkin was rummaging in Mitch's battered roll-topped desk.

I crossed the dividing space in a couple of strides, whirled him round, and loosed a punch.

The intruder froze with shock. I stopped the blow, barely grazing his chin.

But it wasn't *his* chin, at all. This was a woman.

★ ★ ★

Jan Bannion planted her fists on her slim hips and glared up at me. "I wasn't snooping, Harrison. I thought Mitch might have left some clue to his killer, that's all."

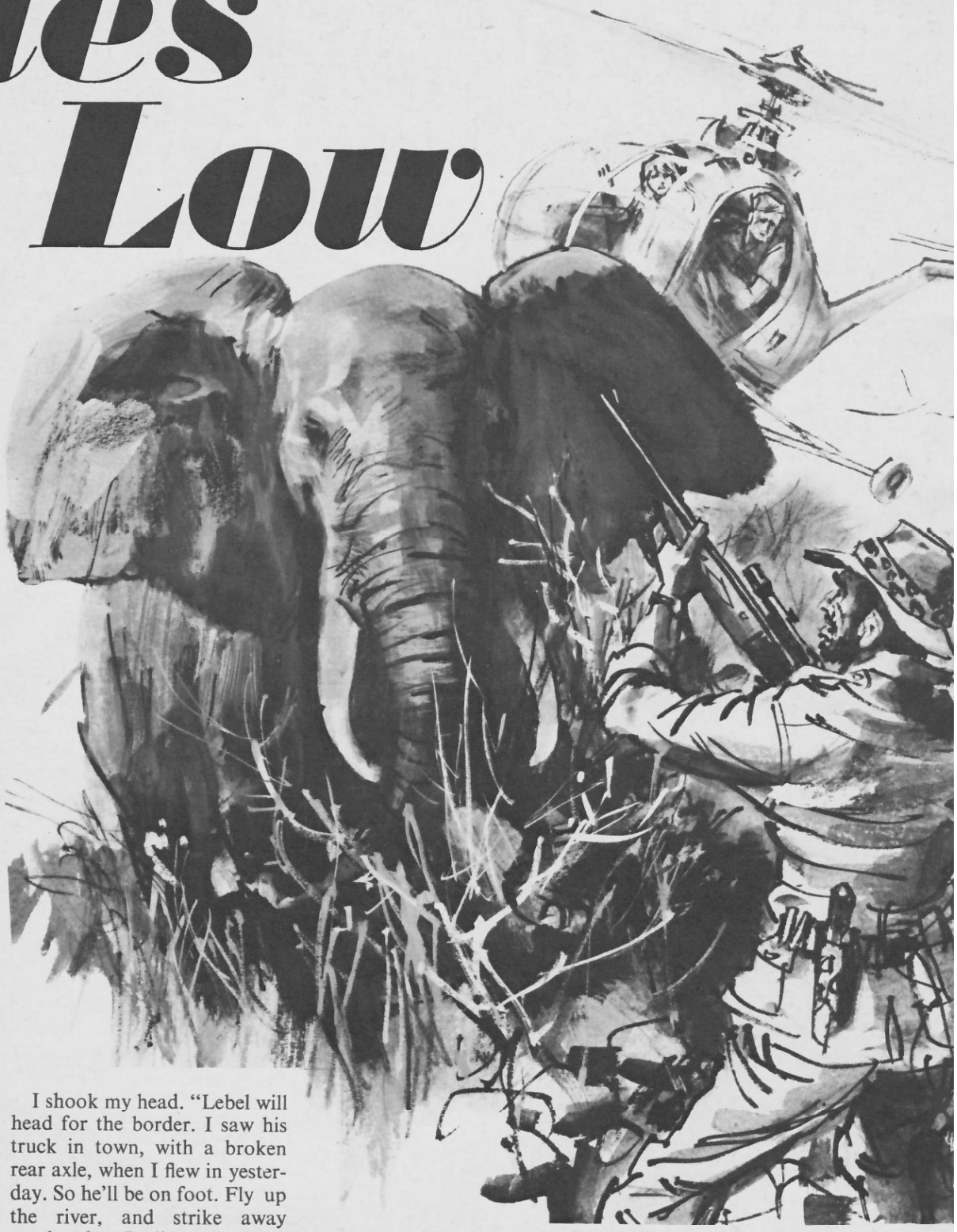
I glared back, into the shaving mirror. "You've got no right to barge in like that."

She was a sun-bleached blonde with a heart-shaped face and a square, no-nonsense mouth. "I've got every right, Buster. Mitch was my friend." Jan pointed to the little Alouette helicopter, rotor blades drooping and skids hidden in the pre-sun mist.

"What's more, every day I spend away from the film unit loses me the best part of a hundred pounds in charter

Flies Low

back to between words



fees. I've earned my place in this vendetta, so it's no good coming the hairy-chested male with me . . . mate!"

I gave her the point. "Mitch didn't leave any clues. Apart from one in his corpse. A bullet which might belong to a nice character called Lebel."

Her eyes widened. "Mitch was worried about Lebel. He told me so, only last week. Said he intended to give Lebel a final warning about poaching elephants off the game reserve at Urusi."

I nodded grimly. "It adds up. Although the local law have been paid not to see it that way. Let's get after him." The Winchester Model 70 seemed to leap out of the rifle rack into my eager hands. A gun for dangerous game, according to the makers. We'd see . . .

I was halfway to the helicopter when Jan caught up. "Not so fast, Tarzan. Ever been up in a chopper?"

"No. I've flown a lot of hours in fixed-wing aircraft, though."

"Ha." She spoke the laugh. "Got a good head for heights?"

That was a tender spot. I get giddy, stepping up on bathroom scales. But in a plane, it doesn't effect me. I said as much.

"Oh boy." She looked sourly pleased with herself. "Are you in for shocks. What's the plan? Check the Urusi reserve?"

I shook my head. "Lebel will head for the border. I saw his truck in town, with a broken rear axle, when I flew in yesterday. So he'll be on foot. Fly up the river, and strike away north, when I tell you."

Jan sniffed doubtfully. "I'll take the door off, your side. And mind what you're doing with that rifle. Start nudging my elbow, and we'll make a hole in the ground, the hard way."

The Alouette was little more than a big plastic bubble suspended under its rotor, a powerful drainpipe of engine at the rear. With the door removed, it seemed even flimsier than before—I felt a stir of doubt and, yes, fear.

★ ★ ★

The seat belt was narrower than the airline version. Jan fussed over the controls for a while. I could see coarse grass flattened against a clear-view panel under my feet.

"In a conventional aircraft, you see the ground from an oblique angle," she explained, quietly. "With this, you can look straight down, and if you have vertigo——"

Continued on page 6

Vengeance Flies Low

Continued from page 5

Jan didn't bother to complete the lecture. The Alouette exploded into pounding, roaring life. The grass dropped away, taking my belly with it. Suddenly we were a hundred feet up, with the nose tilting earthward.

My hands streaked out to grab the seat, and I almost dropped the Winchester. I was filled with an insane conviction that we were about to plunge down.

I sat frozen, eardrums popping from the abrupt change in pressure, listening frantically for a change of engine note. My nerves were twanging, and we'd gone two miles along the river before I could start picking out landmarks.

Air howled and buffetted into the fishbowl. Jan turned to me, eyes dancing behind tinted flight glasses.

"Fun, huh?" she yelled.

I nodded dumbly. She gave a nod, too—of satisfaction.

Gradually, I got a grip of myself. Every dipping movement made me wince, but at least I knew what was going on.

"Turn off, towards the hills," I bellowed.

The helicopter tilted sideways. Its engine started barking angrily, hurling slabs of noise at the cabin, and seemed to slow down.

Gravity pulled at me, tilting my body towards the gap made by the missing door. I just

"If these prison 'love-ins' get started, do you fancy a spot of wife swapping?"

managed to stop myself reaching for Jan.

We were back on an even keel. Without waiting for orders, she went lower, until I could see our shadow racing over the scrubland.

Lebel would find this stretch hard going. Even with a day's start, he wouldn't have covered much more than 20 miles.

Jan really could handle that flying torture chamber. Not a gully or a hummock escaped her attention. Once, she practically stood the Alouette on its rotor blades, while the eager earth cartwheeled below, sucking at me.

Finally, satisfied that the clump of trees wasn't hiding Lebel, she got us right way up, and headed for the next patch of cover.

If all this was playing havoc with me, it wasn't helping Lebel. I spotted him first, scuttling away along the course of a dried-up stream.

Jan's face was pinched with concentration, and quite merciless.

Engine barking and raving, we skidded out of the sky. Spun dizzily and screamed along the dead stream's path. Ten feet off the deck—maybe.

Lebel vanished round an elbow of the gully. The Alouette yammered after him. Straight at a tree, spreading goalkeeper's arms to catch us.

I shut my eyes. Something warm and salty ran down my chin. Blood from a bitten lip. The cabin roof hit my head. Branches clawed at the landing skids.

"Get him, Harry," she yelped, dropping to near-zero altitude like an express lift.

We turned, flinging ourselves round an invisible lamp-post. Lebel's crouching figure was the size of a matchbox, a doll, a child—I could catch every detail of his bearded, snarling face——

I fired; fired and missed. Motor battering in giant anger, we spun again. There'd be no more mistakes. My stomach was in the right place, behind my belt, for the first time in an hour.

Lebel, at bay, raced into the sights. Agony slammed my shoulder. The Winchester sprang out through the doorway. Having furrowed my upper arm, the bullet drilled the curved plastic near Jan's cheek.

She started, but didn't lose her head. Holding my shoulder, I cursed myself. Of course, Lebel was a target with a lethal difference — he could shoot back.

"Sorry," I groaned. "I've messed the whole thing up. Get the hell out of here. I'm useless, and he'll kill you, given half a chance."

Another bullet cracked into the tail boom, to prove my argument.

"My fault, I set us up. Flying straight and level." Jan gave us height, without moving too far from the stream bed. Lebel was a black dot on the baked, tawny yellow grass.

"You're hurt," she shouted. "I'll get us straight back to Urusi."

I grabbed her arm, and the Alouette shuddered in sympathy. Somehow, drenched in

SOUND

COMPOSER and bus conductor Johnny Grey liked tooting his flute. During his rest break, he often obliged by whistling up a tune for waiting girl passengers.

His employers, however, didn't appreciate the ditties when he was technically on duty, so they threatened to fire Johnny unless he kept silent. Johnny quit—and now he's fluting full-time with a Blackpool orchestra.

Top - notes, too, were banned for a Kent taxi-driver who practised his trumpet while awaiting fares on the cab-rank. The local licensing authority told him he couldn't operate his own cab as he trumpeted.

Sammy McLachlan, Glasgow saxophone player, had some strange experiences when asking London land-

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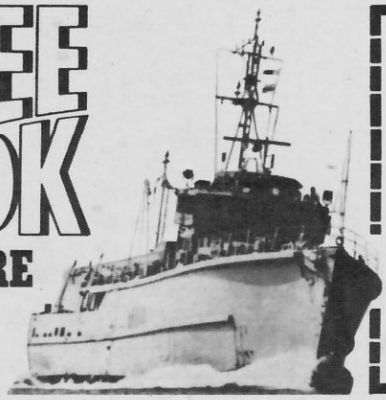

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RN ROYAL NAVY

"I know you're just going to LOVE mother!"

pain, it no longer worried me.

"Take us down to those trees . . . I saw something."

"We're going to a doctor."

"Don't argue! Do as I bloody well say, girl!"

We swooped down. I hadn't been mistaken. A big old bull elephant lurked in the shade, a festering wound the size of a dinner plate showing livid purple against his shabby hide.

Some of Lebel's work, probably. Another botched job. No time to give the beast a decent finish. Straight on to an easier set of tusks . . .

"Stampede him," I yelled. "Get him moving down the stream towards Lebel."

Jan gulped and shook her head. "The trees . . . it's too dodgy."

"Try, damn you!" This time, there was no need to shut my eyes. The pain threw a black mist over me.

When I came round, the old bull was tramping towards Lebel, tattered ears set like sails. Jan weaved the Alouette thirty feet behind, keeping him moving.

We saw Lebel throw the murderous .404 into the aim. He should have finished that bull, the first time around. Now, even with his second bullet in the brain, it crashed forward and trampled him into bloody rags.

Jan visited me in the little hospital at Urusi, a few days later. "I'd offer to fly you out to the coast, when you're discharged," she smiled. "But I expect you'd rather take a nice, long, bumpy trip by Landrover."

In bush shirt and slacks, with a touch of eye-shadow and her hair tucked behind her ears, she was a hell of a pretty girl. I managed to surprise her.

"I'll accept that offer, Jan. I've got a hunch I could get used to helicopters—given a year or two with you in the pilot's seat." ●

EFFECTS

ladies if he could practise his sax. Most of them indignantly told him to leave at once. What did they think he'd been asking?

Windsor hotel guests were startled when they heard the wail of bagpipes issuing from the gentlemen's corridor—but a Scotsman was due to pipe in the haggis at a local dinner, and this was the only place he could practise.

Many famed concert pianists, on the other hand, travel with piano keyboard that doesn't sound a note. It's useful for keeping their fingers nimble between concerts. Pianist John Strong, however, found it difficult to practise at home with the wife and kids. Now he pays rent three evenings a week for piano practice in a local schoolroom!

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ONLY THE COPS LOVE

PETA THE

Radar traps bring hundreds of thousands of motorists to grief each year—but how accurate are the tests, and can they be beaten?

"POLICE claimed that his van was doing 43 m.p.h. in a 30 m.p.h. zone," said the news item.

"But Mr. —— was cleared of a speeding charge after he proved that a speed-trap reading was wrong."

The motorist, a senior scientist at an Admiralty Weapons Establishment, gave a demonstration of his theory in the magistrates' court.

Using a car bonnet, a model car and a photo-electric cell he showed that the police radar beam bounced between his van and a parked car.

After the case, and while many people were still wondering if radar traps administered rough justice, the motorist said, "I am not criticising the radar; I'm concerned with the principle.

"The police should make sure there is no reflecting object in the vicinity of the beam."

Motorists pay big sums in fines.

Speeding fines bring an annual average of £60,000 to Staffordshire and Hampshire. Kent and Surrey authorities take about £45,000. Yorkshire and Inner London reap £100,000 a year, and the toll for Outer London is nearly a quarter of a million pounds!

Three speeding offences within a legal three-year period usually mean loss of driving licence.

Many people believe that speeding in the wrong places and at the wrong times is a killer. They say there should be accurate traps and checks to check motorists. But if speed traps are necessary, they should be accurate.

Which is preferable—to be chased by a high-speed motorcycle cop, to be buzzed by a police Jaguar, to have stop-watch speed traps, or this unseen robot radar?

There is nothing new about loathing police traps. Even some top legal authorities have fought for a change.

Sir John Macdonald, Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, used to reminisce about the early days of motoring.

Sixty-six years ago he wrote:

"One can imagine the consultation on the J.P. Bench: 'There is no need to be hard on these lunatics. Such absurdities as motor-cars will never make their way in this country. The idea of any sane man using such a thing when he can get a horse is ridiculous. Oh, fine the idiot a shilling . . .'

"But now" (that is, in the year 1903) "it is stop-watches, measured miles, policemen in disguise as yokels, £10 and costs . . ."

Today £10 and costs is the sort of fine you'd expect for a first-timer doing 60 in a 30 m.p.h. zone.

In the early days of motoring, £10 was a month's wages for a working chap. So in a sense the cost of speeding has gone *down*.

BUT is it really wrong?
And is radar fair?

The Home Office-approved Police Drivers' Manual says:

"Speed is frequently looked upon as something dangerous in itself, but it is dangerous only if used in the wrong place or at the wrong time.

"It does, however, impose a heavy responsibility on the shoulders of the motorist.

"He is in control of machinery which can be as lethal as a loaded firearm . . ."

So nowadays it is either radar, or a timed chase by mobile traffic police.

Most of us know the official formula: "I observed the defendant appeared to be travelling at a fast speed, and followed him for four tenths of a mile, maintaining an even distance of 200 feet, during which time his speed varied between 48 and 54 miles an hour . . ."

But there are many unanswered questions: Can the officer, alone, be believed? Was the police speedo accurate? When was it checked?

There are at least two officers to each radar trap.

Can their radar batteries or valves go wrong? Do they get enough time to read their meters?

SPEEDER METER

PARADE SPECIAL by W. J. Bentley

Can the beam bounce between vehicles, or against a wire fence? Can the beam pick out the wrong car?

I have inspected radar traps in action, talked to Metropolitan traffic experts, and to electronics men of the Marconi Company who build these radar sets.

My report has no connection with the case of the Admiralty motorist mentioned earlier, nor with any other radar cases.

Radar has been used in Britain now for nearly 10 years.

In 1958 the Lancashire police asked the Marconi Company to find a better and fairer way of checking cars' speed.

Radar scientists at Chelmsford produced the portable box which now has the official code-name "Peta."

PETA stands for 'portable electronic traffic analyser.'

They do not call it 'radar', and certainly it bears little resemblance to the sort of radar known to wartime Servicemen.

Naval, bomber, fighter and A.A. radar sends out blips or pulses of radio energy. The back-echo is measured and displayed.

The time of the echo (in thousandths of a second) indicates the distance.

The traffic-analysing Peta uses a German idea, known as the 'Doppler' effect.

THINK of the sound of a car hooter left running for several seconds.

As the car passes you at speed it goes "WHHHH-eeeee-*eeee* . . ." dropping in tone as the car speeds away.

This is due to the frequency change in sound waves reflected from moving objects.

It was familiar enough in the old days of locomotive whistles.

Doppler discovered the same applied to radio waves. It is almost as though an electronic 'note' changes as it is reflected back invisibly from a passing car.

Wartime radar men have sometimes tried to argue in court with police and counsel as if Peta is a blip-type radar. It isn't. It is an accurate frequency - measurer, using radio waves.

A spokesman for Marconi said, "A narrow beam of high-frequency radio energy is directed across the road at an angle.

"A car entering the beam will cause some of this radio energy to be reflected back, and this will have suffered a change in frequency proportional to the speed of the vehicle.

"The analyser—that is the police box—compares the frequency of the outgoing energy with that reflected back, and converts this into miles-an-hour or kilometres-per-hour."

Thus it is difficult to argue about other cars, or the beam bouncing between, or reflections from a wire fence.

The wire fence *isn't moving*, so there is no change in frequency.

With the box properly set up, the beam across the road is so narrow there is no chance of picking the wrong car.

I put some questions:

Do the police have time to read their meter?

There are nearly always TWO meters, and two police operators spaced up to 450 feet apart. The needle holds position for 1½ seconds—really quite a long time.

Why can't the beam pick out the wrong car?

It is a pencil-like invisible radio beam, with a width of only four degrees. The Peta set is placed so it shoots across the road at about 20 degrees from line of car travel. Each car is in the beam for only about a quarter of a second.

But like anything electrical, could it not go wrong? Could not the valves burn out or the police battery run down?

Apart from three valves not directly concerned with testing, Peta is nearly all solid-state, with printed-circuit boards and transistors. The set works from a 12-volt car battery. If this fails, or the circuitry is faulty, the frequency transmitted outwards in the beam will be lower. The meters will therefore read lower, and in the motorists' favour.

All this is invisible, so how can the police check it?

Police teams will usually show off their equipment providing traffic is not heavy. They want motorists to see that radar is accurate.

Their box covers a speed range of 10 to 80 m.p.h. By pressing a button, a non-fail solid-state device puts on a test signal at 40 and 70 m.p.h. A margin of two m.p.h. is allowed.

If the police set the apparatus up incorrectly, surely it could give a false reading?

Painted on the top is a red arrow, showing the beam direction. This isn't critical.

But teams working the sets are given training, and know how to set it up for a 20-degree angle. After each reading for a prosecution, they press their 'Test 40' and 'Test 70' button.

It could be a defence in court that the police didn't know how to work it, but this is improbable, and proof would be difficult.

Couldn't one argue that it's only the police word against his?

Many people are in jail for life on police evidence.

Some police connect Peta to a device known as a 'GRU'. This stands for 'graphical recorder unit.' It prints car speeds on a chart rolling at one inch a minute.

If we knew the wavelength of police radar, couldn't we jam it with another radio set?

There's no secret about the channel the police use, which is around 10,680 megacycles. This is nowhere near any ordinary radio or VHF channel. It is possible to buy small devices transmitting on the police radar channel. Ostensibly they are used as marine radar beacons. But they are very costly, and as the police beam is so narrow there is little warning.

In theory one can be prosecuted for using devices to jam radar, on the lines of "obstructing the police in the execution of their duty."

Waving bits of aluminium foil on the radiator mascot, by the way, won't fool the radar.

And despite stories of birds flying into the beam, the only 'bird' likely to register on the dial is one driving through a 30-m.p.h. trap at over 60!

Although motorists complain about gadgets, police claim that PETA is completely accurate.

Loren, Bardot, Moreau

WHICH ONE WOULD MARCELLO CHOOSE FOR A MISTRESS?

● LOREN

MASTROIANNI is not a name that rolls easily off the tongue, but still a name that has etched itself into the hearts of women the world over since his moody line in Italian sex appeal brought him fame in La Dolce Vita.

But if Mastroianni (pronounced Mah-stroh-yahn-ee) is difficult to say, there are plenty of females willing to take a stab at spelling it.

The wonder man of the Continental cinema receives a big bundle of fan mail every day.

And every day the letters are thrown out.

"I simply throw them out as they come in, unopened. Of what use are they? I am only an actor and an actor is nothing."

Marcello Mastroianni belongs to the dour, self-effacing breed of Italian charmer.

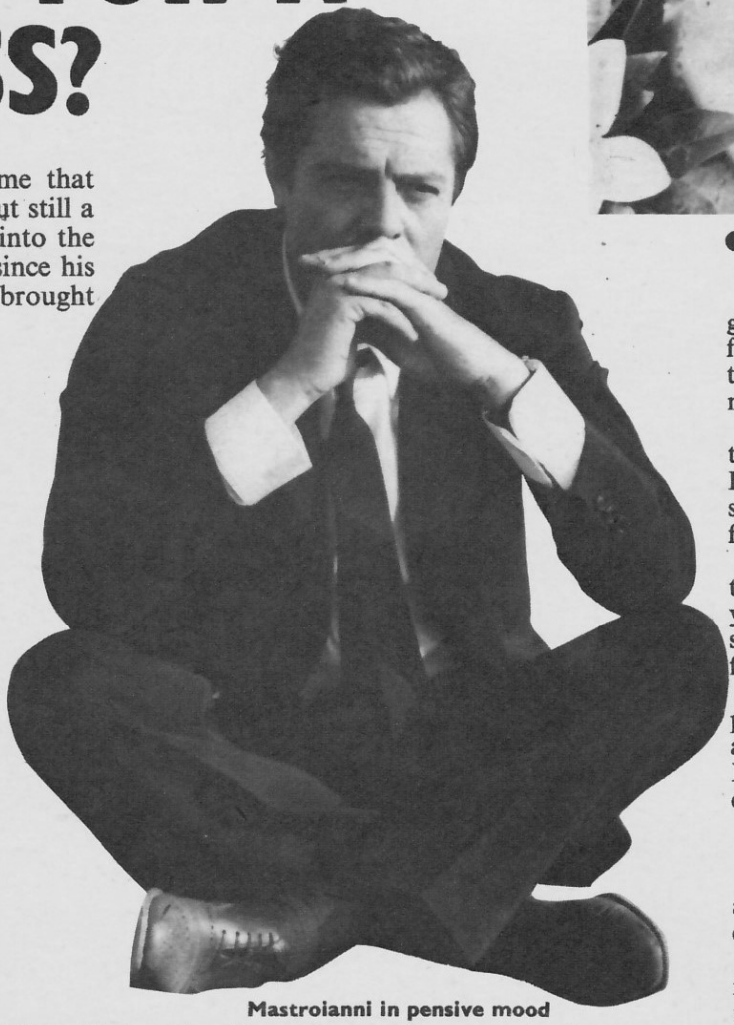
The trouble is that the more he tries to efface himself, the more devastating his impact.

Women who saw him in films like "La Dolce Vita" and "Divorce Italian Style" reeled trance-like from their seats, as though under advance hypnosis.

They're still doing it—despite the actor's 44 summers and happy marriage to former actress Flora Carabella.

When I interviewed Mr. Mastroianni at his Rome villa, he had just received his morning batch of fan mail.

There were some 200 letters neatly tied in bundles. Many of them were perfumed.



Mastroianni in pensive mood

One was from a woman named Rose.

She enclosed a photograph of herself posing provocatively in a rose garden.

If he (Mastroianni) were to give her some money, she for her part would be very co-operative.

"Managgia!" he groaned.

"Her again! Ten years ago my wife showed me the same picture of that woman when she sent it asking for money.

"Her name's Rose if I remember correctly. It's the same photo, I remember it.

"My goodness, by this time Rose must be a little faded. That's a good joke, no?"

Mastroianni was born in the village of Fontana Liri, some 50 miles outside Rome, the son of a deaf mother and a blind father who apprenticed him in his carpenter's shop before sending him to the University of Rome to take a degree in surveying.

It was there that he turned to acting.

It may be that acting has given him his trouble-creased forehead, agonised eyebrows, tormented eyes, sad grin and mortified voice.

Indeed, if he didn't own three houses, a super-charged Lancia and earn £150,000 for a single picture, one could almost feel sorry for him.

As well as all these material things, Mastroianni has a 17-year-old daughter, Barbara, who sometimes looks over her father's discarded fan mail.

Barbara recalled one correspondent in Hamburg who sent a special delivery letter to tell Mastroianni he would be shot down.

It read:

"Dear Sir,

You know damn well you are the father of my daughter's child.

You send ten tausend dolars immdetely, or I will tell the newspapers, or I will come to your country and shoot you down like a schweinehund."

The correspondent forgot to put his name and address, so that Mastroianni could not have sent the money even if he had intended to.

Another letter came from a practical joker who had apparently read of heart-surgeon Barnard's visit to Rome where he was wined and dined by some of the Cinecitta crowd.

It read:

"That's a mighty strong heart you have, Signor Mastroianni.

● BARDOT

● MOREAU

by Nino Lo Bello

"How much do you want for it?

Signed: Dr. Barnard."

But the most unusual fan letter of all came from Mastroianni himself when he wrote to another famous star with the same initials — Marilyn Monroe.

"I don't think I have ever mentioned this to anyone," he said, "but my greatest and unfortunately unfulfilled dream was to work with Marilyn Monroe.

"Would you believe me when I tell you that I actually sat down and wrote a screen play for her.

"I called it 'Quo Vadis, Marilyn?'

"I sent her the script and a letter in which I expressed my undying admiration.

"Now there was a woman! I have spent hours thinking of her, even though she has been dead these years.

"There was so much sweetness about her. Maternal, yet provocative.

"I always felt she needed protection. My protection.

"She was, or seemed to be, everything that a woman needs to be for a man.

"Maybe she was the last of her species.

"She never bothered to answer me." He spoke sadly.

"Then came the suicide—and that was the end."

Mastroianni had opinions about three other actresses who have been his co-stars—Sophia Loren ("Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" and "Divorce Italian Style"), Jeanne Moreau ("La Notte"), and Brigette Bardot ("A Very Private Affair").

"Bardot," he said, "is just something to pin up on a wall.

"Loren is one to marry and have children by.

"And Moreau. If you are married to Loren, this is the one to take as your mistress."

"Thought you'd like to know—Gerry Dolby's outside—getting out of a Rolls!"

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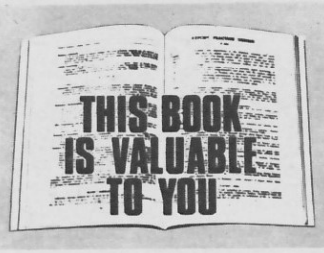

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I got more and more fed-up... until I learned about Sylvakleer. It's a new treatment that helps clear acne spots and pimples where they begin—inside the body.

The wonderful thing about Sylvakleer is that it is in tablet form. Yes, tablets!

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TEST YOURSELF

Do you make people ★ feel guilty? ★

The founders of modern psychology, Freud, Jung and Adler, identified feelings of guilt which plague many personalities. Their findings have been substantiated by other eminent doctors.

Today, it is generally recognised that the feeling of guilt is a destructive force in a person.

However, only recently have tests been devised which locate the giver of guilt, the person who makes people squirm—and enjoys it. The following test was devised by Jane Sherrod Singer (left), who has a MA in psychology and education from the University of California.

Select the answer which is nearest to your reaction in each of the following situations. Be honest. Then check on page 24 for an analysis of your score.

* * *

1. At the last minute a friend cancels an appointment because of an emergency. You would say:
   (a) Take good care of yourself.
   (b) I had planned something special just for you.
   (c) We'll plan to meet later.
2. During a meal, a guest slides a piece of lettuce on to the table. You would:
   (a) Jump up and clean it off.
   (b) Ignore the situation.
   (c) Tell the person not to worry.
3. You meet a friend who is wearing a new suit. You would say:
   (a) You made a wise choice.
   (b) Did you buy it on sale?
   (c) I could never afford anything as expensive as that.
4. Your date (or mate) is late meeting you for a luncheon appointment. You would:
   (a) Scowl, look at your watch and say nothing.
   (b) Smile and say hellow.
   (c) Express your displeasure.
5. You are in a romantic mood but your spouse is unresponsive. You would:
   (a) Wait for another time.
   (b) Slam the door and walk away.
   (c) Accuse your mate of being frigid or impotent.
6. When a person disagrees with you, you usually tell him (her) that:
   (a) It is a matter of ignorance.
   (b) Everyone has a right to an opinion.
   (c) He (she) comes from a poor background.
7. You must exhange a purchase. You would:
   (a) Explain it doesn't meet your needs.
   (b) Apologize for the inconvenience.
   (c) Say the clerk high-pressured you into buying it.
8. A neighbour's child accidentally breaks your window. You would:
   (a) Ask him (her) to pay or work off the cost.
   (b) Peer out of the window each time he (she) is around.
   (c) Punish the child.
9. You forget a social appointment. You would say:
   (a) It was your error.
   (b) Say that something unexpected came up.
   (c) "I decided you didn't want to see me."
10. A family member forgets your birthday. You would:
    (a) Laugh it off.
    (b) Give him (her) nothing on his (her) birthday.
    (c) Remind the person how much you love them.
11. A child in your family brings home bad reports. You would:
    (a) Spank the child.
    (b) Hire a tutor.
    (c) Talk about the bright members of the family.
12. Generally speaking, you:
    (a) Give praise when it is deserved.
    (b) Find fault.
    (c) Say nothing one way or the other.

Answers on page 24

MAN'S
PARADE
EVERY WEEK A SPECIAL SECTION FOR MEN
ANAELA ASTIER puts her career before love, which is tough for the French guys her way, but fortunate for us — how else would we be able to admire that 37-24-36?
GIRLS • CARTOONS • SPORT

SALLY'S MODUS OPERANDI

AS far as SALLY DIXON is concerned, her figure is *conditio sine qua non*. And if you knew Latin like she did you would know it means the reason for these pictures.

If the Romans had been fortunate enough to have cameras Sally would have been in the necessary condition, which stands at 39-24-36, to allow the Roman legions to conquer more than they did.

Back in modern times the necessary have been before many a camera.

But Sally has not caught the *veni vidi vici* look, because glamour is not really for her. She just wants to plug along teaching Latin and French.

So, *lector benevole*, spare a thought for those days when you used to learn Latin. Don't you think you would have known much more if Sally had been your tutor?

The beginning of last year's Milk Race.

CRACKING THE PINTA IS ROY'S DREAM

THIS Whit Saturday Roy Hopkins, of Torquay, will get on his bike on Worthing sea-front and set off in a fortnight's 1,500 miles race against the best amateur cyclists in the world.

It is the annual Round Britain Milk Race. Roy rides for the International All Stars team alongside Australian and New Zealand cyclists. Their opponents include teams from Russia, Czechoslovakia—and three from Britain.

The fact that Roy is 36, oldest competitor, is noteworthy. The fact that Roy is riding at all is miraculous.

For two years ago a huge tractor Roy was driving overturned and crushed him. Hopkins was so crippled it was thought he would never get on a bike again.

But this plucky West Countryman, inspired by Torquay's crack professional cyclist Colin Lewis, has staged a sensational come-back.

It is highly unlikely that Roy will win this race, which starts with a 102-mile leg to Swindon and finishes with a sprint along the Blackpool front in two weeks time, but he won't be far behind at the end.

The Russian team is led by a remarkable 24-year-old rider Anataoly Starkov and contains the 26-year-old Klassipp who will be competing in this race for the third time. Russia have won the team event for the last three years.

It is interesting to note that practically all the riders in the three home teams—Great Britain, England and The Provinces—come from the North of England. Men like Peter Buckley, of Oldham, and Dave Rollinson, Liverpool, in the G.B. line up; Sid Barrass of Teeside, and Liverpool lads Don Dailey and Dave Mitchell with the England team.

But one Southerner may shake them—Martyn Roach, the London income tax man, who rides for England. Roach who has switched from time-trialling won his first five road races this season.

TURK'S PERK WAS NO WORK

SPORT PROFILE by Patrick Greene

"WAITER" roared the celebrated wrestling promoter Antonio Pierri "there's a strange sniff around here.

"You wouldn't have any dead dogs under the floor-boards, would you? Or maybe the odd pole-cat on the menu?

"Ah, no! My mistake. I see it's simply that my good friend Madrali is heading this way."

At this, his good friend Madrali turned black in the face with pleasure.

"You funny man" he grunted "maybe I kick your spine up through your hat, make you laugh some more."

This fearsome threat appeared to have little effect upon the promoter.

"It's expressly forbidden in the contract" he pointed out reasonably enough.

"How about eating" enquired Madrali, eyeing the promoter's steak "is that forbidden too?"

Pierri cut off a thin slice and nibbled it with unusual delicacy before replying.

"Maybe you're a bit hungry" he suggested "maybe you'd like a nice juicy steak like this, washed down with a bottle of wine."

Madrali nodded vigorously, by now practically drooling at the mouth.

"Well, you lazy bum" roared Pierri "you can keep right on wishing. No training, no eating, that's my rule. And you better remember that."

This was too much for poor Madrali. He capitulated immediately.

"All right, you win", he said. "Tonight, I eat. Tomorrow, I train." And contrived to look pretty gloomy at the prospect.

A leg of mutton was promptly brought to the table . . . steaks are only for promoters . . . and Madrali, seizing it in his enormous hands, attacked it in the most abandoned manner.

Fellow diners watched, quite fascinated, as he first demolished the meat and then began to gnaw the bone just like a hungry dog.

In fact when Pierri leaned across the table for a closer look at his protege's handiwork, Madrali even snarled like one.

Still Pierri retired that night, a contented man. Madrali, one of the great band of Turks who rampaged through Europe in the early part of the century, had signed to fight Georges Hackenschmidt for the heavyweight championship of the world.

And up until now, the Turk's reluctance to train had put this in danger of becoming a non-event.

In fact, Madrali's whole relationship with Pierri who combined the roles of promoter and manager had become a battle of wits.

Pierri had lit the fuse by paying his wrestler £5 a week, although he was receiving over £100 for the exhibition bouts fought weekly by the Turk.

He also paid his man in coppers and threepenny bits to make the proverbial bag of money look more impressive.

Still, following that promise in the restaurant, their relationship became almost harmonious for a while.

Madrali having agreed to break his invariable rule by taking a little exercise just this once, actually rolled up for roadwork dead on the dot, morning after morning.

He arrived with his dog and would set off at a fast clip, the faithful hound at his side.

Moreover, he would return this way too, several hours later, prancing along with considerable fervour.

On several occasions, it was noted that the dog was practically sagging at the knees, while the Turk was ready, almost eager, for more. Wonders, it seemed, would never cease.

For the first time, Pierri actually began to dream of victory.

Nor was this a particularly foolish dream. Potentially Madrali was a better wrestler than Hackenschmidt, equally strong and very much more versatile.

But Hackenschmidt, the handsome "Russian Lion", was a fitness fanatic, a teetotaller, a very dedicated man indeed. This, Madrali was not.

If any proof was needed, it came just two days before the fight.

Pierri, having set off to meet his charge on that road-work chore, found him lying full-length under a shady tree.

His training routine, for the past few weeks had apparently been limited to throwing sticks for his four-legged pal.

When the pooch became sufficiently exhausted, Madrali would hotfoot the odd half-mile home.

Somehow after that, no one in the know looked upon the bout as anything more than a formality.

The public at large, who didn't know, nevertheless came in their thousands and traffic jams stretched from Olympia to Piccadilly.

Madrali, every inch a pro, gave them a fair show at that, making the Russian look very amateurish in the early stages.

But as soon as the pace began to tell, he started to hang on like a strap-hanger in the rush hour. And Hackenschmidt's eventual victory came as no great surprise.

It served, however, as the prelude to one of the oddest races on record, one between the rival managers, Pierri and Charles Cochran, to Fleet Street where the stakes were being held.

Owing to the traffic, they travelled for a large part of that race on foot.

And arrived, puffing and panting, still neck and neck to be met by a surprisingly fresh Madrali, with the money already in his pocket.

"See" he said, grinning broadly "I train. I eat."

And with that, he departed . . . leaving Pierri, for once, speechless.

ROUND-UP by Pete McCoy

MOTOR-CYCLING experts are already talking of 20-year-old Charles Mortimer becoming another Mike Hailwood. And that's praise indeed for Mike the Bike was the best Britain has produced in the Hell and leather world of the ton-up specialists.

Like Mike, Charles has the good fortune to be born rich and so able to buy the best in the way of racing machines. At his home in Surrey he has a stable of power-mounts including a Spanish Bultaco, a Japanese Yamaha and an Italian Ducati—all carefully housed in their own lock-ups.

Now nearing the end of a continental tour as a build-up to next month's T.T. races in the Isle of Man, Charles cannot equal Mike's record of reaching the top when in his teens.

But since he was 16 he has been groomed to become a champion. And that could happen any moment now.

TERRY DOWNES, the Cockney tearaway, who won the world middleweight championship and afterwards wrote a book entitled "My Bleeding Business", wants to give youngsters a chance to repeat his ring record.

Terry is establishing a "Fight Factory" on London's Hampstead Heath. He rents a number of flats in which he is prepared to billet half a dozen or so hand-picked boxers.

He will manage and coach them—the Boxing Board of Control's gym is just down the hill—to, he hopes, some titles.

Downes was particularly interested in three youngsters who fought in the A.B.A. championships and answered his advert "Want to become a champion?"

GEORGE BEST, mercurial Manchester United and Ireland winger, has a clever business as well as soccer head beneath those long locks.

With his boutique in Manchester, in which he is partnered by Manchester City's Mike Summerbee, well-established, George is now branching out into the hotel business.

This time he partners' his United clubmate Paddy Crerand and Paddy's uncle Hugh Boyle in an ambitious scheme to establish a luxury hotel on the beach at Dunbeg, Donegal. Bookings are already flowing in from the footballing fraternity.

Sunny soccer with the stars on the sands to be featured in the brochure?

TWO members of the Tancred family are walking tall—in all senses. Brothers Bill, 6ft 4in, and Peter, 6ft 2in, are the athletic giants who throw the discus for Great Britain in international contests.

They're big with it. Bill, who is 26, weighs 15½ stone, while Peter, at 19, tips the scales at only one stone less.

Bill has recovered from a back injury which threatened to end his athletic career after returning from the Mexico Olympics and is back in the throwing form which earned him the national discus record, last year, of 187 ft 4in (since bettered by two feet by John Watts, now with the Royal Navy in Singapore).

But while young Peter is still growing there's no saying when his throwing will reach the limit. However Bill is big enough to encourage his "baby" brother to pass him—if he can.

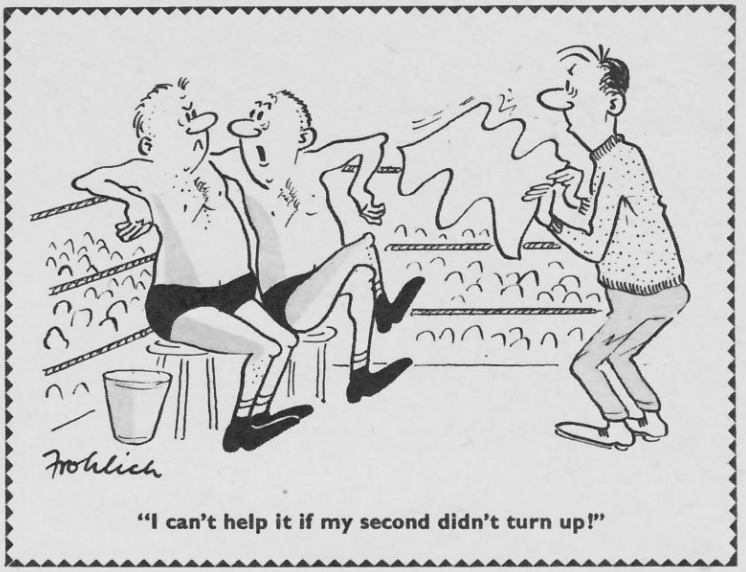
ASK Prime Minister Harold Wilson his two favourite countries outside Britain and you can bet your last lucky sixpence that he won't name Rhodesia and South Africa. Shades of Ian Smith and Basil D'Oliveira and all that!

But for British squash ace Jonah Barrington, recent runner-up in the world championships in London, they're tops in his list.

Jonah, having already spent three weeks in Zambia and Kenya, is now on a two-week coaching and exhibition tour of Rhodesia. And then he moves on to South Africa.

Why? Because Jonah, who turned professional 10 weeks ago, can hardly scrape a living in Britain. Yet both Rhodesia and South Africa offered him lucrative employment.

And as Jonah puts it: "I don't care whether the people I coach or play against are black, white, yellow or purple. As long as I can play squash and make some money at the same time I shan't complain."



"I can't help it if my second didn't turn up!"

"First on your left—the everlasting bunker."

MELTING THE PROFESSIONAL ICE

THROUGHOUT sporting history there have always been famous partnerships, like Hobbs and Sutcliffe and Trueman and Statham in cricket, Hoad and Rosewall in tennis, Henry Cooper and Jim Wicks in boxing.

Now we have Ford and Towler in ice skating. Bernard Ford, aged 21, and Diane Towler, 22, British, European and World amateur ice dancing champions for the past four years have launched into a professional career which can bring them a fortune.

And the first thing they are doing with the money is to repay their parents for the thousands of pounds they spent on building them into champions.

This switch to professionalism has, as Bernard says, "given us a chance to live."

They deserve it after the years of practising five hours every day and missing out on all the normal teenage fun. Bernard started skating when he was four, Diane when she was eight and they have been performing as a pair for six years.

Romance? Who knows, perhaps Bernard's plan for living includes that too.

Either way Bernard Ford and Diane Towler are in the money

PARADE May 24th, 1969

GO SOUTH, MISS WEST!

TO Georgia West there is only one thing worse than a bloke having a famous father—and that's a girl having a beautiful mother.

"Blokes would date me to meet my mother. Can there by anything more ego shattering? When I refused to take them home they stopped taking me out.

"I left home in Durham for the smog of London not to make my fortune or whatever it is people come to London for, but in the hope of meeting blokes who would date me because they fancied *me*.

"I wasn't too optimistic about it all after years of being thought of as my mother's daughter, but surprise surprise I had no bother."

Standing 5 ft. 8 ins. tall, with an ego-building 38-24-37 it's hardly surprising that Georgia is popular with London's guys.

What intrigues us, though, is what the mother must be like to eclipse Miss West. Frankly, we think she's having us on.

MAN'S PARADE

Bernadette Vanderveld who's over here studying art says art in France is in the doldrums. Not in the doldrums is her 36-23-36 —that's very much art nouveau!

KAZI'S ROTTEN BUSINESS IS DOING WELL

MOST of us would be happy to have two homes, a speedboat and a large car. But it is doubtful if we would relish getting them in the manner of Mr. Kazimierz Staniszewski.

This Polish ex-butcher earns his living by breeding about 800 million maggots a week. Bred from blue-bottles and African green flies, these sell readily to anglers. The sight and smell of maggots wriggling over heaps of offal isn't exactly exotic. So despite the financial prospects, probably you wouldn't fancy the work.

Possibly the occupation of snake milkmaid wouldn't appeal, either. You would have to grip the snake behind the head and hold its fangs over a container whilst the venom was ejected. The job is a worthy one, for the venom is used in the treatment of epilepsy, neuralgia, and other painful ailments.

Six men in France make a good living catching vipers. They creep up on the reptiles, seize them by the neck and thrust them into large bags.

These jobs, although profitable, are hardly attractive. However—nil desperandum; many other unlikely but more congenial occupations are available.

Now, be honest—do you enjoy criticising? If so, maybe there is a future for you as a 'grumbler'. Some big stores in Britain, America and some European countries like to ensure that their customers are getting satisfactory service.

To this end, they employ people to go round buying things and reporting upon assistants' reactions. Obviously, you can enjoy yourself in this job. But it does have its snags—critical you may be, but you may not relish snooping. Moreover, even if this scruple does not affect you, your career in any store can hardly be a long one. As soon as you become known, your effectiveness ceases.

To increase his income a Marseilles clerk came up with a brainwave. He started running a "Bureau for Excuses". Husbands who had been out with the boys and even those rogues who had been out with girls, used to ring up the excuse merchant and he would provide an alibi that never failed.

HIS fame spread and his clientele increased. Alibis were plentiful; then he married—and then there were none. And his husbands lived unhappily ever after.

Fifteen years ago when Mr. Edward Johnson took over as manager of the Metropolitan Opera house in New York, he swore he would break the applauding racket. Members of claques had been paid 15 to 20 dollars a week to give a boost to some performers. Mr. Johnson was successful in his own domain, but professional applauders are still around and often get good fees from promoters of premieres, first nights and one-night stands.

ANOTHER novel service was started in 1947 through a man getting the sack. A steel slump affected the town of San Diego, California and William Boyd found himself listening to so many sorry stories from people in the same plight as himself that he decided to do it professionally. He advertised in a local paper: "Tell your troubles to me at 2 dollars an hour."

The response was instant and large. Boyd made a good living out of listening to stories of marital troubles, disputes at work, fishing and golfing hard luck stories. Most amazing was the fact that people paid him merely to listen. For his 2 dollar fee, he neither commented nor advised. If advice was required, an extra fee had to be paid.

"Watching 'The Good Old Days' is quite a big thing with Henry."

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BOSTWICK PREPARES A BLOOD BATH

In one fell swoop, the Bureau attempts the assassination of all Europe's leaders

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

It's a man's world in 1906, *and Sonya Winter is determined to break into it as a newspaper reporter. She decides that the outbreak of killing in Europe must be the work of a single organisation. Eventually she contacts it and meets the leader, Ivan Dragomiloff. She learns his Bureau is always ready to kill when morally justifiable and for a fee. She challenges him to accept an order to have himself killed. Amused and intrigued, Dragomiloff agrees, and offers to pit his wits against the other members of the Bureau: his life or theirs. Time and again he beats them and disposes of them with incredible ingenuity. Sonya duly reports the incidents to the proprietor of the newspaper she works for, Lord Bostwick, at first unaware that he is also a member of the Bureau and determined to take it over for his own nefarious purposes.*

THE assassination of the Hapsburg prince in the Viennese beer cellar had international repercussions, and Lord Bostwick, eager to see Europe rushing headlong into war, ordered his editors to make the story sensational.

In his office he conferred with Muntzov. "All I need is the Bureau under my control. Then I can manipulate things to ensure that war becomes inevitable. Our investments in armament firms will pay enormous dividends. We must make sure that Dragomiloff is eliminated. My informant has wired me to say that he is going to Venice. Thank heaven for Cesare Spado. He has all the skill of the Borgias."

He chuckled at the thought of the methods the Italian would use to deal with Dragomiloff.

Spado, duly warned by Bostwick of the imminent arrival of his adversary, discussed the matter with his wife. They had just finished a lavish meal in their palatial mansion overlooking the Grand Canal.

"My dear," he said guardedly, "it's just possible a man with whom I have business connections may call. I would prefer not to see him. His name is Dragomiloff, but he may not declare himself. I would like you to describe carefully anyone who may call."

"As you wish," said Eleanora Spado. "And now, my dear, relax. Enjoy a glass of wine. I have specially selected it for you."

Sniffing the glass appreciatively, Spado drank a mouthful. Immediately he began to splutter and cough. He tried to loosen his collar as he fought for breath.

His wife sat quietly, observing the reaction of her specially selected wine. She was delighted with its effectiveness. Her fat and interfering spouse was breathing his last. It was true enough that Spado had the cunning of a Borgia; it was less well known that the woman he had married rather late in his life had the blood of another Borgia in her veins—Lucrezia, the most expert poisoner in history.

Across the canal, and nearer the Rialto bridge, Dragomiloff and Sonya were inspecting two rooms at an hotel. After testing the door, locks and windows, and warning Sonya to let no-one in, Dragomiloff took a gondola to visit Spado.

It was getting dark as the boat moved silently down the canal. He was interested to see a gondola move out from the Spado residence. It was still just light enough for Dragomiloff to make out an ominous bundle in the prow.

Eleanora welcomed him effusively at the house, apologising that her husband was away. "Would you think me very wicked if I confessed to being pleased that Cesare is absent?" she said.

DRAGOMILOFF studied her lovely, cruel face. "I would think you were flattering me," he replied, "but surely that's not the reason you made away with him?"

"How dare you accuse me of such a thing?" she screamed.

"No melodramatics," he said. "I saw your handsome gondolier setting off to dispose of the body."

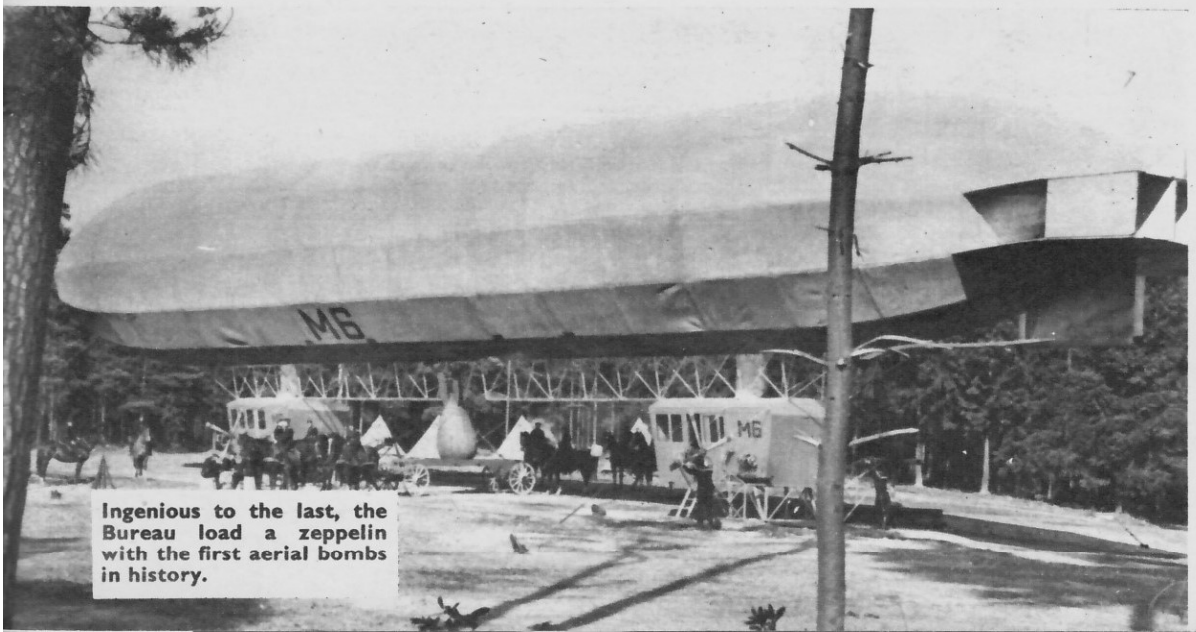
She continued to protest for a time, and then became calmer. "If what you say is true wouldn't I merely have been doing your job for you?"

"So you know of your husband's business," Dragomiloff said thoughtfully.

"Perhaps it is now my business," she said.

Dragomiloff rose from his chair and crossed to the window, looking out over the darkened city. He could also see the room behind him, reflected in the glass, and he saw with some amusement Eleanora hastily pouring something into his glass of wine.

Leisurely, he returned to his chair and discreetly changed the goblet of poisoned wine for another. Then he drank and gave a vivid impression of being



Ingenious to the last, the Bureau load a zeppelin with the first aerial bombs in history.

poisoned. Eleanora had his body dumped in the water beyond the front of the house.

He allowed himself to float for a time and then scrambled out in a dark channel branching from the canal. Wet and filthy, he climbed the rear of the hotel and got Sonya to open her window. There he told her that he was now officially dead.

Sonya, now wholly on Dragomiloff's side and more than a little in love with him, carried out his instructions to the letter. She informed the police that he was missing, and identified a body picked out of the lagoon as that of Dragomiloff. She cabled the news of the death to Lord Bostwick, who arrived as fast as ship and train could get him to Venice. Muntzov came with him.

Europe's fate hangs on the outcome of this duel between Von Pinck and Dragomiloff.

AT Sonya's hotel Bostwick congratulated her on her reporting. Their chat was interrupted when Von Pinck, still a little battered from his injuries in Vienna, burst in.

"I've just arrived from Berlin," he said. "The news is grave. The German army is mobilising. The political crisis over the Prince's assassination in Vienna is the reason."

"Will there be war?" asked Bostwick. He couldn't repress a chuckle of expectation.

"Not yet," Von Pinck replied. "The Kaiser's proposing a secret peace. He's going to the prince's funeral in Ruthenia and the conference will take place after the internment. All Europe's leaders will be there."

Bostwick licked his lips. "All this may suit me very well,"he muttered.

A little later Sonya confronted him. "You openly admit you are a member of the Bureau?" she asked angrily.

"A member?" he sneered. "Thanks to you and Signora Spado I am now the Chairman. What a good journalist you would have made, Miss Winter. You are in at the death of the old Bureau and the birth of the new."

He sighed. "Unfortunately you must also be its first victim." He turned to Muntzov. "Dispose of her. It's time you did something useful."

Muntzov led Sonya away to the boathouse below the Spado residence. He was clearly upset by the cold-blooded killing he had been ordered to carry out, and he told Sonya to turn her face to the wall so he couldn't see her expression.

Then things happened quickly. A heavy pulley suspended by a rope from the ceiling swung down and crashed against Muntzov's head, sending him over the edge of the flooring and into the canal. He came up, floating face downwards. His head wasn't a very nice sight.

Dragomiloff emerged from the rear of the building, and Sonya went to him in relief and gratitude for saving her life.

It was the sight of Muntzov's body in the water and the absence of Sonya which aroused Bostwick's suspicions about Dragomiloff's alleged death. He had the coffin lid removed to confirm his worst fears. But by then the resourceful Chairman had got to the coffin and was lying there looking very peaceful and, at first glance, quite dead.

Thus Bostwick imagined that he was now in complete control of the Assassination Bureau, and could use it to achieve his supreme ambition of plunging all Europe into war.

Von Pinck was returning to his military headquarters in Germany, just across the frontier from the Castle of Lintz where the international conference was to take place. Bostwick issued coded messages to the surviving members of the Bureau to assemble at the nearby town of Rauthenburg. "Our greatest assignment," he said, "the assassination of European civilisation!"

HIS plan was that of a man driven dangerously mad by overweening ambition and the possession of power. With Von Pinck's connivance they would commandeer one of the new aerial devices of Germany, a zeppelin, and deliver the first aerial bomb in history on the castle of Lintz where the leaders of the European powers were assembled.

Dragomiloff knew his Vice Chairman's pathological character, and estimated that the presence of kings and presidents under one roof would be an irresistible target.

Accompanied by Sonya, he got to the German-Austrian border and after investigation had a good idea of the plan to drop explosives from the zeppelin.

He ordered Sonya to ride to the castle and somehow persuade everyone to evacuate the area. He himself would do his best to prevent the flight of the dirigible or at least steer it away from its target.

A ruthless but quiet attack on an unsuspecting officer got him a German uniform. Then he marched boldly into the camp and announced he had special orders to take command.

What happened after that became one of the most bizarre incidents in history. Dragomiloff was discovered by Von Pinck during the flight and they fought a duel in the swaying gondola. Dragomiloff managed to pierce the skin of the main gas-bag, releasing the hydrogen. Flames roared out and the zeppelin began to drop out of control. Bostwick, Von Pinck and the crew were killed—but the resourceful Dragomiloff got away on a subsidiary and untouched gas-bag, using it to float gently down to earth.

Dragomiloff was promptly honoured for his exploit in saving the peace of Europe. The ceremonies of gratitude were just ending when Sonya belatedly managed to break through the ring of guards round the castle.

"Ivan," she exclaimed with a sigh of relief at seeing him safe, "what happened? How did you manage to destroy the zeppelin before it reached here?"

"Sir Ivan," he corrected. "Your king has just ensured that virtue brings a reward. As for the matter of the zeppelin that is a long and almost unbelievable story. For once you weren't on the spot to report it."

And for once Sonya was speechless, content to be a woman . . . beside a man she had wanted to destroy . . . a man she now knew she loved. **THE END**

A PARADE SERIALISATION OF PARAMOUNT'S

THE ASSASSINATION BUREAU

starring

OLIVER REED and DIANA RIGG

***Directed by* Basil Dearden**

***Produced by* Michael Relph**

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THE JAPANESE

SOME countries will do anything to try to attract international businessmen to their cities.

Take Japan for example.

Earlier this year, Japan Airlines published a new handbook especially for American executives planning to visit the Orient.

No ordinary guide, this. It puts pleasure before business and lists some of the alluring things foreign businessmen are encouraged to do.

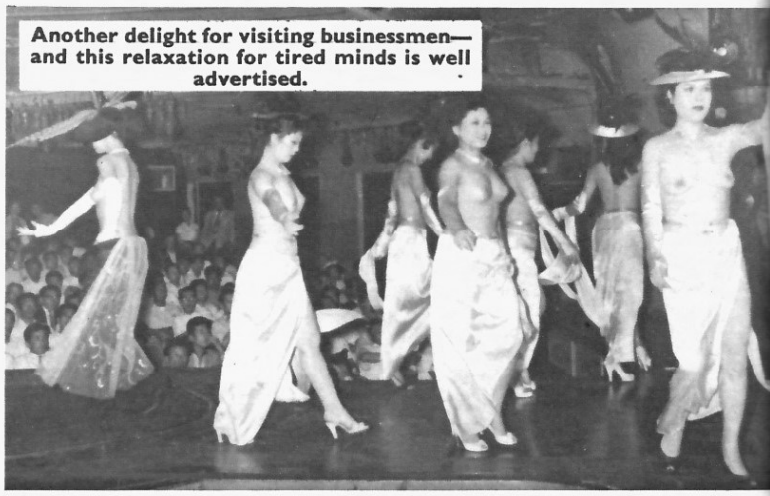
Like "Girl Watching". Pretty girls in Japan are among the best in the world, claims the booklet, and they love being ogled at.

"You can see their tall, slender, well-proportioned beauty with the classic face and the petite, flower-like type with the round-doll's face on any clear evening between six and eight o'clock," says the book.

And there are chapters on the communal baths.

"Scantily-clad girls still dispense various trades of 'service' in imitation of their famed predecessor of the Open Sex Palaces.

"The least the customer can expect is to be heated up in a steam-box, scrubbed all over, soaked in a tub brimming with



Another delight for visiting businessmen—and this relaxation for tired minds is well advertised.

TEST YOURSELF

Answers to questions in test on page 18

1-(B); 2-(A); 3-(C); 4-(A); 5-(C); 6-(C); 7-(C); 8-(B); 9-(C); 10-(C); 11-(C); 12-(C).

Give yourself 1 point for each of the above and 2 points if you got 5, 6, 10, 11. These four situations are more heavily weighted since they strike at ego, background and sex.

After totalling your points, see the paragraph below relating to your score.

YOUR SCORE ——

14-16 points: You are unmerciful with others. You take a delight in making people feel guilty and, worst of all, it is likely that you are a victim of a guilt feeling yourself.

8-13 points: This is a "thoughtless" score. It is doubtful if you realise that you instill guilt feelings in others, but you have a tendency to strike where it hurts the most.

3-7 points: Your methods of control are not as tactful as they could be. However, you create no great problems and you live with yourself nicely.

0-2 points: Excellent unless you missed on question 5. In this case, your marriage is heading for trouble.

MAKE BUSINESS A PLEASURE . . .

by CAMERON BURKE

hot water, vigorously towelled off and then leisurely massaged from his toes to his finger-tips—all in a private bath-suite."

I tried to get hold of a copy of the guide here in Britain. But there were none available. Presumably it will become a "best seller" among airline's 'What to do when abroad' handbooks.

The Japanese admit that it is their latest way to capture more of the world's big business.

"Pleasure is an essential ingredient of business in our country," said a spokesman.

It's the same in the Scandinavian countries, too, where special night-clubs for businessmen are doing a roaring trade.

In some of these clubs, special offices are set aside and pretty, scantily-clad blondes bring in the food to visiting businessmen.

Once a transaction has been completed in this most informal office atmosphere, the girls stay on for private strip-tease or for special poses for the camera.

In Denmark, where you can see more uncovered bosoms in the world with the possible exception of San Francisco, top-less girls attend to the visiting businessman's every need. They provide haircuts, manicures, massages, and even take down dictation — all wearing nothing from the waistline up.

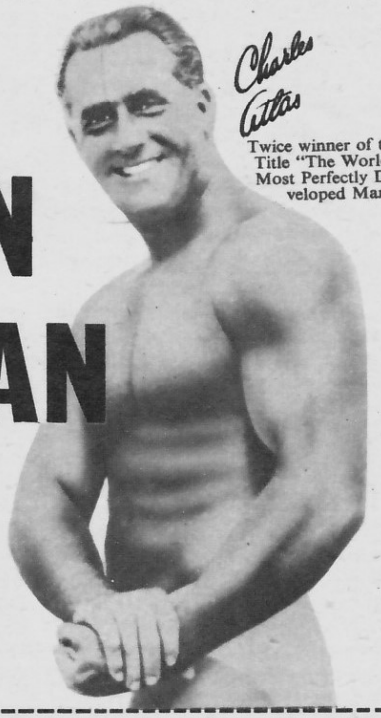
And in some of the newly independent African countries, where new business is desperately wanted, they, too, are resorting to Western gimmicks.

They claim unabashedly that a black girl doing a complete strip-tease is much more pleasurable than a white girl.

"And some of our girls have been top-less all their lives," says one African executive. "With the result that they are much more busty than anything the West can offer."

A manicure is a nail-biting experience when it's Japanese style.

POST THIS COUPON AND I'LL PROVE I CAN MAKE YOU A *NEW* MAN



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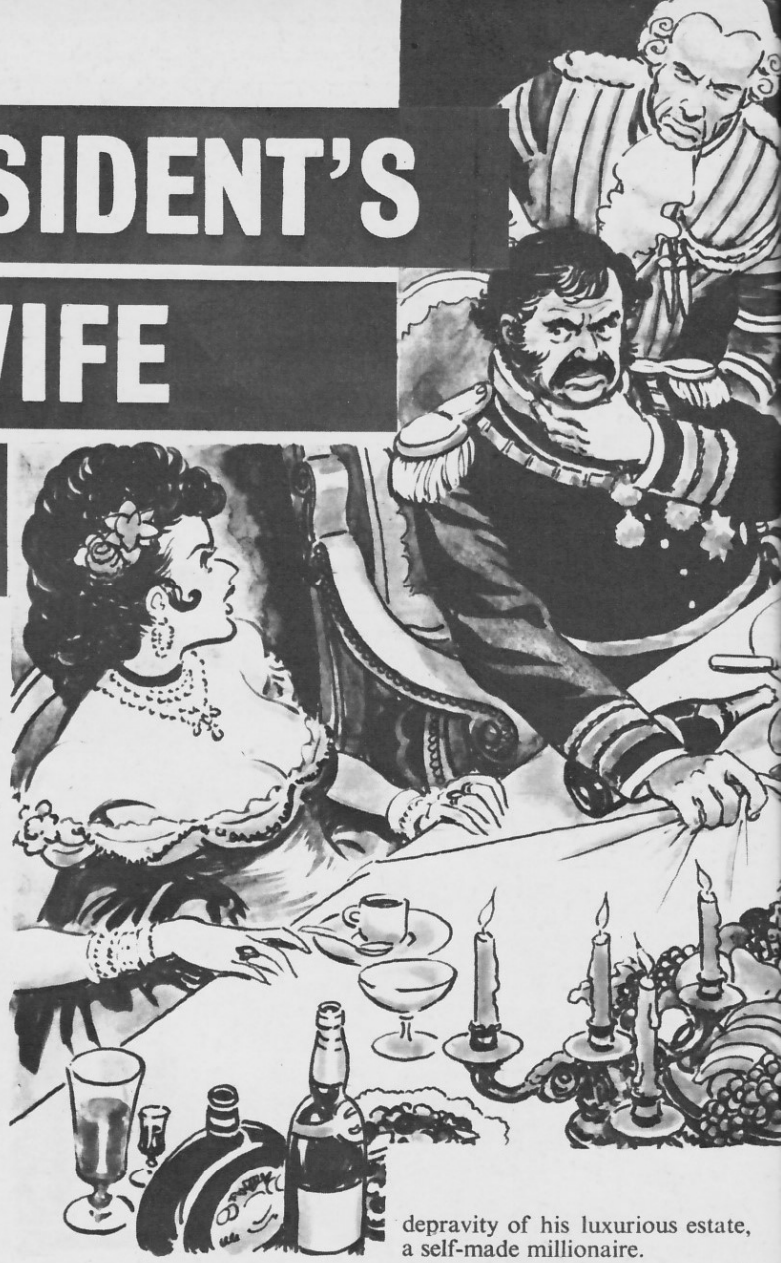
CORRUPT PRESIDENT'S HOBBY WAS WIFE COLLECTING



GENERAL MANUEL GONZALES, President of Mexico for a brief period during the 1880's, always said that eminent men should have exotic hobbies. Wild boar hunting and fencing were two of his favourites. Another was his presidential harem, the only authentic one in the Western world.

It was his ambition to have his harem graced by one beautiful woman from each country in the world. And he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. International financiers offered him their female friends and relatives—in some cases even their wives—for his "collection". In return they received valuable government contracts and concessions.

Gonzales sent three special envoys on a tour of the world to select the most glamorous females. Other females, anticipating a life of luxury, offered themselves to him, trading their decency and self-respect for the sensuous lives of concubines.

By PAUL BROCK

Altogether, Gonzales managed to collect forty-five of the most exquisite harem girls in the world. He accepted them on two conditions—that they love no other man and that they remain within the gates of the Presidential palace for as long as he dictated.

In return, Gonzales granted each "wife" a generous settlement, enabling her to live in luxury for the rest of her life.

He could afford to. During his first few days in office he doubled the amount of taxation flowing into the Presidential coffers for his own use. Pay-offs and under-the-counter bribes, for favours only he could grant to dishonest exploiters of his country, increased his personal wealth by as much as £20,000 a day.

Mine, bank and business concessions were granted lavishly to foreign interests willing to pay well for such privileges. Elaborate colonization schemes were promoted in which immigrants were transported at high cost to themselves, to arid and disease-ridden regions of the country where they starved to death.

Lesser government employees went unpaid. New taxes were piled up to burden an already starving peasant population.

The people began to protest. The press attacked Gonzales, but he took care of that. Editors and reporters of dissenting newspapers were jailed or they were assassinated.

Hostile student demonstrations were crushed by the Army, the only government body which was receiving its pay regularly. Federal troops cleaned out the unruly galleries of Congress, and attacked groups of indignant citizens who dared to raise their voices against the General and his henchmen.

Despite the widespread discontent, Gonzales continued to build up his nest egg. He bought valuable building lots and land in every state of Mexico. He took over the management of big ranches in the country and entire blocks of houses in the city. The man who was born a peasant and had lived his life on meagre Army pay was determined to become the wealthiest and most talked about man in Mexico. He was rapidly transforming the Presidential Palace into a den of thieves with a sumptuous harem on the side.

Gonzales' faithful wife, infuriated by his betrayal of the country and heart-broken by his flaunted infidelity, left him and joined in the student and peasant protests. She wrote and published pamphlets which denounced his political career and laid bare the secrets of his love life.

Among the estates which Gonzales acquired was a magnificent ranch at Chapingo, east of Mexico City. He had loaned £100,000 to a friend who had wanted to buy the ranch. When the friend was unable to pay back the loan, the General took the property for himself.

There was no place in all Mexico where life was better for the owner and worse for the people than at Chapingo. Hundreds of peasants slaved in the fields from dawn to sunset for sixpence a day and a measure of corn. At night they were chained in tiny windowless cabins to stop them escaping.

With government funds, Gonzales built a wide, paved avenue from Mexico City to the gates of his new estate, and transferred his glamorous harem to new quarters there. Then he stepped down gracefully from the presidential chair, after arranging to take most of the country's wealth in taxes with him.

He retired to the comforts and depravity of his luxurious estate, a self-made millionaire.

But a man like Gonzales could not be expected to "live happily ever after." One night at a lavish harem dinner, he was taken violently ill. Rumour had it that he had been poisoned by one of his jealous "wives". He lingered on for a year and finally contracted a fever which affected his mind.

During his last days he lived in complete seclusion in his spacious bedroom—the bedroom he had shared with each of his 45 wives—refusing to see either his old government cronies or the beautiful women he had chosen with such care.

On April 10, 1893, the General died — a raving maniac. Few people mourned him. Even the women of his harem, who had already received their generous settlements, could not erase the disgusting memories of the erotic, half-crazed peasant who had become a President.

A few years later the Mexican Government transformed the fabulous Chapingo estate into a School of Agriculture. Most of

the property was remodelled, but the cabins where the peasants had been chained at night, and the harem swimming pool remained untouched.

Today the cabins are museum pieces, reminders of an era which Mexico hopes she will never see again. Young people who are studying to turn Mexico's arid acres into vast green farmlands, swim and frolic in the pool which was once graced by the loveliest nude harem members in the Western World.

FREEZE UP AND LIVE

WHEN you next go to the deep freeze at the local supermarket spare a thought for the selfishness of Dr. James H. Bedford.

At 73, this retired professor of psychology won't lie down. He has set aside 4,200 dollars so he could be frozen solid as an iced lolly.

Not content with these years in this generation he aims to inflict himself on a future one in the hope that they will have a cure for the cancer which killed him.

It is fast becoming possible that man will be able to freeze himself on dying to be thawed out up to 100 years later. On awakening they hope a cure for his or her disease has been found.

A number of people in the U.S.A. already have sufficient faith in the possibility and have paid big money so they can be put in the "cold sleep".

Dr. Bedford is one of these optimists.

Immediately he died in 1967 elaborate preparations were made to have him re-incarnated like some phoenix in 20 years' time, expecting people in an overcrowded world to fall over themselves to have another in their midst.

An anti-clotting agent was injected into his body, then the chest opened so that the heart could be massaged to keep the brain supplied with blood. The doctor was then transferred to a heart-lung machine and the body temperature lowered to 8°C. by packing it with ice. At this point most of the blood was drained from the body and replaced with a solution of salts and DMSO.

DMSO has become known as the wonder-solvent. It has been used widely in industry for many years, but 1965 a medical team at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, successfully carried out skin grafting operations with skin which had been stored for two years in DMSO. Until this medium was found, storing skin was difficult, as severe freezing destroys its ability to survive.

After the initial preparations, the temperature of Dr. Bedford's body was lowered to —79°C, then flown to Arizona to be stored in liquid nitrogen at a temperature of —190°C. It is costing about £100 a year to maintain the body at this temperature.

Being a scientist himself Dr. Bedford realized that freezing damage would be caused, but believed that ways would soon be found to repair such damage and revive frozen bodies. To further this work he left 200,000 dollars to found the Bedford Foundation of Cryobiological Research.

Many scientists are convinced that as far as his own case is concerned, Dr. Bedford's money will be wasted. But there is little doubt that resulting research will be beneficial in the long run.

Although suspended animation of man for indefinite periods by freezing might sound fantastic today, it must be remembered that ten years ago no normal mammalian cell had been frozen to temperatures allowing long storage. Now it is common practice with blood, skin, bone and the cornea of the eye. It has been predicted that storage of human organs will be possible by 1971.

A Russian farmworker, Vladimir Kharin, was caught in a snowstorm in March 1960 and eventually collapsed exhausted. When found later he appeared to have frozen to death, for his heart and lungs had stopped and his body stiffened. Taken to hospital he was revived, and after several months in hospital returned to his former job.

Already the larvae of midges have been frozen for ten years, then thawed out to lead their normal life span; bacteria can survive indefinitely under frozen conditions; and future developments might well enable you to be put into deep-freeze, if you fancy it, and if you can set aside enough of the ready to finance your spell as a "stiff".

"I know you do this to get vital information from us agents—so what do you want to know about Littlewoods?"

"If you'll let me in I promise I won't waste time trying to sell insurance."

HER FACE CAN STOP A CLOCK

NELYA MIKHAILOVA doesn't get excited and hit you with her handbag when you say: "You have a face that can stop a clock."

This middle-aged Russian housewife is no ordinary woman. Soviet scientists believe Nelya possesses the unique gift of "Telekinesis", the power of mind over matter.

At a demonstration to journalists and scientists in Moscow last year, Nelya stared at a swinging clock pendulum and made it stop and restart at will.

By just frowning she made a salt cellar slide across a table. She also moved a box of matches, an apple and a loaf of bread in the same way.

A journalist put his fountain pen top on the table, and Nelya made it move over the table, stop and move again by simply staring at it. The reporter then covered it with a wine glass to make certain there were no hidden strings, and the cap continued to move inside the glass.

Everyone was duly convinced that Nelya had a strange and genuine power, but they were not so sure of the explanation for it. Some scientists thought that she must be able to generate her own static electricity; others said she may have her personal gravitational field. Whatever the answer is, Nelya is certain to be on everyone's list of party guests in Moscow.

JUST NOT THEIR

We had a real diamond to work the con — too bad a copper owned it

I DON'T suppose you have ever heard of diamond tweedling, guv'nor, said Talking Tommy . . .

Con trick. One of the oldest in the book. Sort of thing in the criminal classes we learn at our Mother's knee when Dad is away on another long holiday.

Trouble is, you need one real valuable diamond to work it. That was how me and my pal His Grace had a bash at it. Him coming by this diamond. He got eighteen months. And they gave me the consolation prize: Six.

The way it all started, I was alone in here one morning when His Grace came in, looking like he had backed both winners in a dead heat.

Bought me a pint though he knew it was my shout. Then showed me a single-stone diamond gold ring.

"I was having my constitutional this morning up round The Walk," he said.

"Came to this tree growing very convenient out of a little square hole in the pavement. It had this notice on it: 'Lost. Single-Stone Diamond Ring. Reward £5.'

"I looked down, and there was the ring."

"Did the notice tell you where to go?"

"No, there was nothing rude about it."

"I mean, for the reward?"

"Oh yus, Mrs. Rose Barker, number fourteen."

"Barker? Kenneth Barker is the Super."

I looked at him. Petrified. You never tangle personal with the local Superintendent of Police.

I yelped. "Why not hand it in straight away, pocket the reward and scarper?"

He turned his head and grinned at me.

"You haven't a hope of flogging it," I said. "Every jeweller and pawnbroker will have it in black type and underlined."

It was a full half-minute before His Grace spoke.

"All my life," he said, and there was sort of tears in his eyes, "I've wanted to go diamond tweedling . . ."

I was for having no lot, jot, or part of it. But, His Grace was determined.

He began getting his other props together. An old lead medal that looked like tarnished silver. And a big gold-looking brooch affair done as a sprig of flowers with ten bits of glass that might look like diamonds—if you was passing by in a fast car.

The tweedle needs one good diamond. But it also requires two operators to swing it.

"Give me one go, Tommy lad," he pleaded. "Just so as I can say I've done it."

Well, the day came.

His Grace was doing the character bit. Sort of no-speak foreigner off a ship from behind the Iron Curtain.

The mug His Grace picked looked like ready money. Fresh and eager, brief-case, natty suit, and very clean shoes. His Grace held out a piece of paper on which he had printed 'Gargoyle Street.'

The mug cottoned that this poor mongrel wanted to be directed there. But he didn't know where Gargoyle Street was.

Up I come. And the mug turns to me.

Gargoyle Street? First left, second right, and so on . . . And we are just about to break it up with congratulations all round when His Grace stops the pair of us.

Then very slow and mysterious, out of his hip pocket he takes a queer-looking, embroidered, velvet bag. Has a dekko all round in case he is being followed. Then opens it up. And there is the medal and the brooch.

He pretends to try to hide the brooch, but offers round the medal.

"You buy, yiss?" he says.

I grab it, see? Straight away. Offer him ten bob. Buy it.

"Ristorante?" says His Grace. "Food, yiss?"

"There's a cafe up on the next corner," says the mug . . .

Off goes His Grace. But not the mug, because now I've got him by the arm.

"Wait here for me," I whispers. "I won't be a sec. Got an idea . . ."

It so happens—by accident on purpose—we are bang outside a big pawnbrokers. I nip in and enquire whether they value diamonds.

But when I come out again, instead of the medal I've got five pound notes in my hand.

And money is like that, at once we are old friends. I'm the clever one, having copped a four-pounds-ten profit. And he is ready and willing to join in on the next deal.

"Did you see that brooch he'd got?" I says.

"I'm afraid I don't know anything about diamonds—"

"Nor me," I says, cheerful. "But there's no harm in having a look-see. Let's go up that caff. And if he don't want to

"Now, I wonder if you'd like to know what's on MY mind?"

DAY

sell, that's the end of it . . ."

Now the caff bit, with His Grace doing pidgin English would take a month of Sundays. But what it amounted to was His Grace wanted to sell the brooch, and we wanted to buy it. But we don't know how much it is worth, and he won't let us take it away to have it valued.

And it turns out, luckily, that one of the bits of glass is loose. So His Grace picks it out, screws it up in a scrap of newspaper off the table, and hands it to me.

Right?

Now off go me and the mug back to the pawnbrokers. Only what I ask them to value is the real diamond I have already in my pocket done up in another scrap of newspaper . . .

A hundred quid the pawnbroker said it was worth. Frightened me, for the moment.

The next bit of the tweedle is making the financial arrangement with the mug.

I took him half-way across an old bomb site being used as a refuse dump.

By Paul Feakes

I put it to him simple. Ten diamonds at a hundred apiece was a thousand pounds. Therefore as a work of art the brooch was probably worth around fifteen hundred. Say we offered him three? I could find my hundred and fifty. What about him?

Straightaway, he unzipped his brief-case. For a second I thought he was going to hand over his money there and then.

But you wouldn't guess in a hundred years what he took out.

A murderous looking flick knife. Pressed the button and it shot open with the blade halfway up my left nostril.

"Diamond tweedling," he said. Nasty-looking face he had. "Coming that old gag on me of all people. I ought to slit your gizzard anyway for being so insulting."

"I—I don't know what you're talking about," I said, trying valiantly to unhook myself.

"You don't? Well, I'll tell you . . . In the ordinary way I only hold up banks and Post Offices. But this morning I'm making an exception. Come on, hand it over."

"Hand what over?"

"That diamond. The good one, mind. Not the bit of rubbish. And I can tell the difference . . ."

I did as I was told.

"How do you know I won't follow you and call the police?"

"You've got a point there . . . Off with your shoes and socks . . ."

He threw them this way and that, all over a pile of rusty old tin cans and muck. Then he snicked both my braces. Then he left me . . .

And well, that was the end of me and His Grace as diamond tweedlers . . .

Eh? How did we get nicked then?

We was coming home on the bus. His Grace laughing his head off, and saying as how he would like to have seen my face with the flick knife up my nostril. And I was sitting there pretending I thought it was funny, and holding my trousers up.

"Anyway," said His Grace, "I've still got the shank of the ring. No good sending that back to the Super's wife. If he ever found out, he'd throw the book at me. I can just see myself trying to make him believe what happened to the ruddy diamond."

"Best thing," I said, "is to get off at the junction. Go in that corner jewellers and flog it for old gold . . ."

There was a young lad attending the counter. He put the glass to his eye to look inside the shank at the hallmark.

He said the manager did all the buying of old gold, and he was due back from lunch any minute. Then he left us there.

And I think if we had heard him on the phone to the police we would still have stood there like a couple of lemons. The cops arrived forty seconds later.

Yeah, guv'nor . . . Apparently the ring had been the Super's wife's engagement ring. And inside the shank it was engraved: "From Kennie to Rosie" . . .

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P.116

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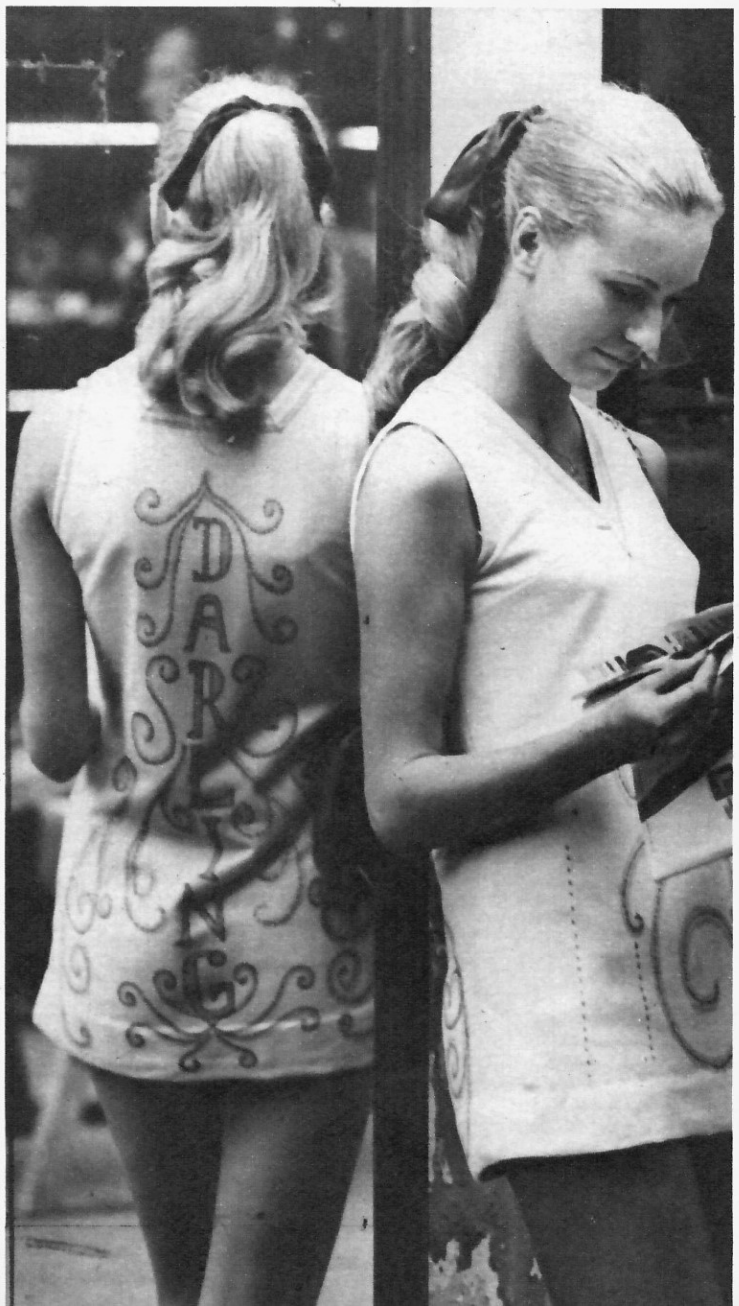
★

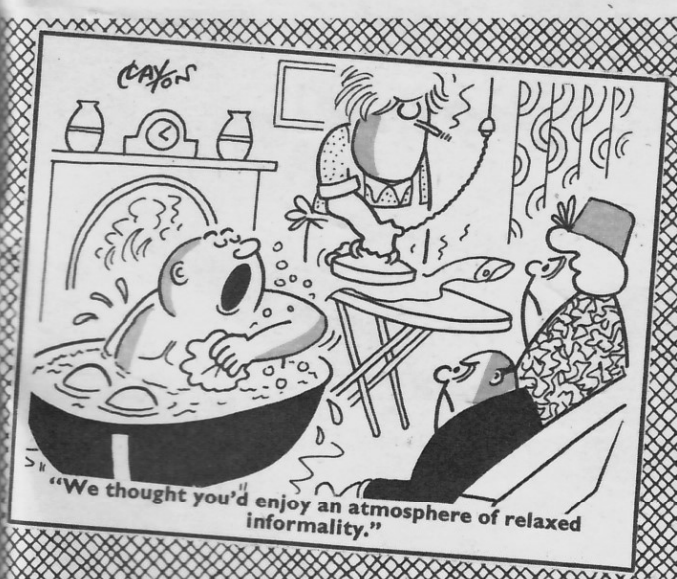
Pretty women do not have to do much to catch a man's attention. But when a girl saunters down the street it's the frontal section that gets the eyes. It appears that the Italians alone are pre occupied with the rear. This is self-evident in the bruises our girls bring back from Rome. To get the Englishman's eyes to follow the whole view fashion designers have hit on a new idea. Called "on reflection" this mini skirt has embroidered down the back a word of your choice (as long as it's not rude). The word is sewn in reverse so that it can only be read properly in a mirror. That's what you call doing a double-take.

★



WE'RE ONLY JOKING

"What worries me is that today was supposed to be just a rehearsal!"



"We thought you'd enjoy an atmosphere of relaxed informality."

"I'm what they call a white collar worker, or in my case 'off-white'!"

"Ground floor—and hurry."

CAN YOU BE FUNNY, TOO?

If you think of a funny caption for the cartoon right, write it down in the space provided, cut it out with the cartoon and send it to arrive not later than Tuesday, May 27th, 1969, to CARTOON CAPTION No. 465, 'PARADE', CITY MAGAZINES LTD., 167 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. The Editor will award a fiver to the sender of what he considers is the best received.

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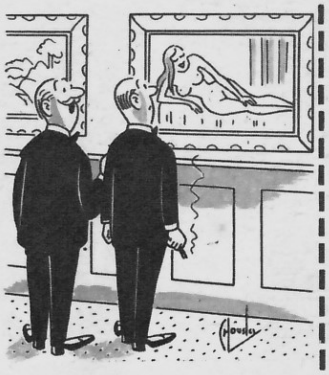

"I like it because it never dates."

MY CAPTION IS.....

.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

You've seen cartoonist Housley's caption of the cartoon above. Now see if you can do better.

Mr. C. W., of Blackburn submitted the following caption to the cartoon left, and wins FIVE POUNDS.

"I'm glad you suggested I see your boss—now would you please get out of my chair!"

STARS

By Tzigane

ARIES (March 21—April 20)
Influences at the start of the week could distort your normal good sense, so think twice before acting on hurried decisions. Generally, it will be wisest to postpone all important changes for the time being.

TAURUS (April 21—May 21)
There'll be some excitement this week as the result of a local news item or a letter from abroad. Indirectly the result may be a hurried journey, and it's certain you'll be put to more expense than normal.

GEMINI (May 22—June 21)
A very satisfying and happy phase when you'll be popular and busy with social dates. Concentrate on these factors, and don't try to make any major change in work routine: your fortunes lie in familiar tasks.

CANCER (June 22—July 23)
Money looms large this week—both as regards its problems and its benefits. You are due to make some nice gains but there'll also be unexpected expenses. However, there's every indication that you will be able to 'balance the books'.

LEO (July 24—August 23)
Some folk will be temperamental and even hostile, trying your patience to the limit. But you are strongly advised to be tolerant because resistance to these unfair attitudes could create deeper troubles.

VIRGO (August 24—September 23)
Quite a dramatic improvement in your situation is very near. It will bring you more contentment and banish those fears that life is treating you badly. The notable trend will be the happier emotional situation.

LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23)
Apart from some family problems at mid-week the general conditions are pleasant. If you get out and about more than usual you will benefit, partly through a new and valued friendship, but mainly as regards your health.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24—Nov. 22)
Beware of allowing any quarrel or difference of opinion getting out of hand. The trouble could spread and mar your life for some time to come. This applies particularly to your contacts at work and in the social world.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22)
This week will bring heavy demands on your pocket, though the tangible benefits from outlays of cash will be real and lasting. Those taking a holiday now will have a memorable time, though an expensive one.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23—Jan. 20)
The advice of others will be of great value, and you will do well to heed both warnings and encouragement. This applies chiefly to your chances in business deals, investment, and job-changing.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 19)
The general tone is very good, and you will feel a real zest for living. Worries will fade and you will really enjoy yourself, probably more than you have done for six months. Make the most of a glorious week.

PISCES (Feb. 20—March 20)
A happy though quiet period, when you will unwind and start to build up reserves of health and energy. Though you may be at home more than usual you will find others coming to see you and writing to you.

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